Just For You

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Just For You

by sourweather

Summary

Hannibal is stressed about finals. Will has a surprise for his boyfriend.

Notes

idk this is just me writing about myself tbh

"Hey, Han."

Hannibal freezes in the threshold of Will's bedroom, face going blank, his hand still clutching the doorknob.

Will smiles. He stretches across his sheets, Hannibal's eyes locked on his thighs as they shift and disturb the sheer fabric.

He knew that Hannibal was stressed about today. It's finals week, and while Hannibal was an amazingly intelligent person, that didn't make him immune to test anxiety. Especially in this particular class, since the professor had a not-so-subtle grudge against Hannibal for correcting him during the first week of the semester. And Will likes to think that he's a pretty good boyfriend, so he planned a little surprise for him— either as a celebration or a consolation, depending on the outcome of the exam.

Hannibal doesn't even blink before he's kicking his shoes off and letting his bag fall to the floor, straddling Will in an instant and catching him in a fierce kiss. Will chuckles into Hannibal's mouth, kissing back eagerly as his boyfriend wastes no time in exploring Will's attire.

Will doesn't usually go for lingerie. Even before he realized that he was trans, he never liked being feminine. But he can't deny that he felt pretty fucking sexy when he tried on the outfit. Long, sheer white stockings that crept up his thighs, lacey white panties, and a white satin slip. He'd thought the babydoll slip wouldn't suit him, but when he'd looked at himself in the mirror, he knew that it would make Hannibal forget all about his asshole professor.

Hannibal caresses Will restlessly as they kiss— hands tangling into his curls and ghosting down his waist and squeezing at his chest while his tongue traces the inside of Will's lip. Will groans into his mouth, and Hannibal nearly growls before biting Will's lip and pressing him into the mattress.

Will tips his head back, letting Hannibal leave red bites and suck bruises along the length of his throat. New ones to join a dozen others. Hannibal always keeps him thoroughly marked, just in case any other boy's might take interest in him. He laughs softly again, endeared by how eagerly Hannibal pushes up the hem of the slip to palm at Will's now wet panties.

"Bad day, Daddy?" he teases breathlessly, and Hannibal bites him so hard that Will cries out in pain and pleasure. Hannibal had been embarrassed, at first, when Will stumbled upon that kink by accident a few months ago. They'd been apart for Spring Break, and they'd been having phone sex. Will had called him 'Daddy' mainly as a joke, and Hannibal came in *seconds*. Since then, Will's been using it sparingly so that it doesn't lose its effectiveness, but Hannibal deserves it today.

Hannibal kisses him until he's dizzy, then moves down between Will's legs. He looks up at Will with a smirk that makes his stomach tense.

"Is that why you dressed up for me, darling?"

Will smiles sheepishly and nods, lip disappearing between his teeth as his curls bounce. "I wanted to give you something that might take the edge off, if you needed to blow off some steam."

Hannibal hums, pressing a kiss to Will's covered cunt. He mouths at the damp lace, and Will squirms. "You were prepared to do that for me?" Hannibal prods before licking at the growing wet patch on Will's panties. "Let me take out my aggression on you? Use you as a toy, for my own relief?"

Will moans softly, nodding again. "Y-yes. If that's what you want."

Hannibal takes the waistline of the panties between his teeth, tugging at them just to watch Will spread his legs further in anticipation. He sits up to yank them down Will's legs, tossing them to a far corner of the room.

"You shaved for me," Hannibal notes, petting Will's inner thighs before dragging his fingers along Will's slit.

Will's breath hitches, twitching closer instinctively at the touch. "I did. Do you like it...Daddy?"

The word is still a bit clumsy on Will's lips, but Hannibal's eyes fall closed when he says it. He lowers himself back between Will's legs, spreading his cunt gently with his thumbs before pressing a wet kiss to his clit.

Will jumps. "Fuck," he gasps, holding up the fabric of his slip so that he can watch Hannibal work. He's unfairly good at eating cunt, and Will feels lucky every time Hannibal reminds him of that fact, which is often.

Hannibal is eager as he laps at Will's folds, sloppy and vocal. He loves to moan and growl against Will's sensitive flesh, loves how the buzz from his vocal chords makes Will twitch and sigh and roll his hips insistently.

It only takes a few minutes of Hannibal's tongue playing between his thighs for Will to start melting, hips bucking to fuck himself on his boyfriend's face. He's messy with slick and Hannibal's saliva, and he feels dizzy with pleasure.

"H-Han... I'm close, Han, fuck- please don't stop, *please* don't stop!"

Hannibal pulls away, but he's merciful enough to keep teasing Will with his fingers as he speaks.

" 'Please' what, Darling?"

And Will's mouth falls open, because that's the first time Hannibal has ever *demanded* this from Will. It's usually Will offering it up, generously, because he knows how much his boyfriend gets off on it. But hearing him *insist* that Will say it? Fuck, he almost cums on the spot.

"Daddy, Daddy— fuck, please *Daddy*!" he babbles, begging Hannibal with everything he has.

Hannibal starts circling his clit with his tongue almost immediately, but Will is still pleading for his Daddy when he cums, shuddering and letting out guttural moans as Hannibal works him through it.

When Hannibal's rises back on his knees, he wipes his mouth and smiles down at Will fondly. He's flushed, panting, looking entirely ruined in his innocent white lingerie.

"Sweet boy," Hannibal praises, caressing Wills jaw lovingly.

Will flashes a tired smile. "Thank you, Daddy."

Hannibal groans softly, palming at the obvious bulge straining his pants. He starts unfastening them quickly, pulling out his now throbbing cock. "Lie back for me, darling. Get comfortable."

Will lifts a brow, but does as he's told. Hannibal leans down to kiss him again, hands immediately grabbing Will's tits. Will arches into the rough treatment, gasping softly as Hannibal squeezes them, rolling his nipples between his fingers through the slip.

He yelps when Hannibal rips the slip open, not hesitating to wrap his lips around one of Will's nipples.

"Hey! Th-this was expensive, you know!"

"I'll buy you a new one," he murmurs, sucking hard on the bud before taking his teeth to it. Will moans, any further protests dying on parted lips as Hannibal continues to pinch and squeeze and bite until his tits are marked and sensitive.

Hannibal straddles Will's chest, and Will licks his lips at the sight of Hannibal's cock. Long and thick, yes, but Will loves how wet Hannibal gets when he's really turned on. Hannibal had been self-conscious about that, when they first got together, but Will is very vocal about finding it hot.

Will parts his lips. "Yes," he half-moans. "Yes, let me suck your cock. Let me taste you, Daddy."

Hannibal's cock twitches in his hand when Will says that, but he shakes his head. "I want something else today."

Will frowns, but it clicks when Hannibal rubs the head of his cock between Will's breasts, smearing his precum there. Hannibal grits his teeth. "Hold your tits together for me, baby."

Will blushes, obeying with nervous hands. He moans when Hannibal begins to fuck into the created space. The wet head of his cock, slicking the way by oozing precum, appears and disappears between Will's bruised and bitten tits. It doesn't take long for Hannibal to find his rhythm, his lip catching between sharp teeth.

"Fuck, you're so soft, darling," he praises, and Will mewls. "So perfect. Flawless fucking creature."

Will's thighs squeeze together, arousal pooling in his stomach again at the sight of his usually composed boyfriend losing himself in pleasure.

"Only for you," he sighs, because he knows it will spur Hannibal on.

Hannibal picks up his pace, fucking him roughly. Will holds his breasts tighter, gripping Hannibal's cock. His hips are heavy on Will's ribcage, making it harder to breathe, and it has the same effect as being lightly choked. It thrills him, to entertain the idea of being crushed. Hannibal fucking him into the ground, so hard that Will snaps under his sheer force, his *power*. Will's lashes flutter shut in pleasure.

"Yes," Hannibal grunts. "Only mine. Your body was made for me, Will."

Will gasps for air. "I'll..." a particularly hard thrust punches the air from his lungs, and he splutters. "I'll always be yours, Daddy," he whispers.

That's enough to push Hannibal over the edge. A handful of quick, frantic thrusts between Will's tits and he's spilling over Wills chest, his collarbones, his throat.

Hannibal stays perched over Will for a few dazed moments as he comes down, flushed and disheveled. He blinks when Will wheezes, seeming to realize all at once that he's sitting on his boyfriend's ribs. He stands quickly, shoving his spent cock back into his underwear almost shamefully.

"Are you alright, Will?" he asks. "Here, I'll fetch you a cloth—"

Will shakes his head, taking a few deep breaths. "I'm fine, Han," he insists. He sits up, and Hannibal's cum makes its lazy way down Will's chest. "I'm just gonna take a shower..."

He stops when he sees how Hannibal is staring at him. It doesn't take much effort to realize why. He's painting quite the picture— blushing and breathless, stockings still clinging to his wet thighs, his lingerie ripped and cum dripping down his perky tits.

"Eyes up here, lover boy," he teases, and Hannibal blinks before looking Will in the eye.

"Sorry," he lies. They both know he's lying.

Will smirks. Hannibal is cute. He's never been in a real relationship before. Had a few 'friends with benefits' arrangements since being in college, but never anything long-term and certainly nothing serious. Hannibal doesn't try to hide the fact that Will has a tendency to rock his world. That he's head over heels for Will, his love edging on obsession. And Will delights in it, every single day.

"You wanna come shower with me?" he asks, knowing what his answer will be. "You can wash me off, if you want. Soap me up, hose me down. Sound fun?"

Hannibal is already unbuttoning his shirt. Will just laughs, chasing him to the bathroom.

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